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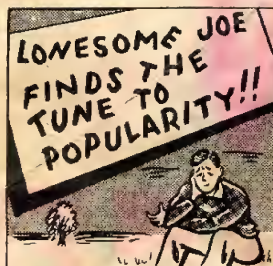
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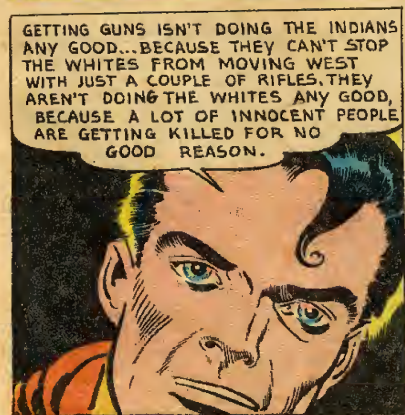
THE TEXAS RANGER

ALL THE WORLD HATES A
TRAITOR!---AND CLINT CORTLAND,
TEXAS RANGER, WAS NO
EXCEPTION! INTO THE JAWS OF
DEATH, INTO THE HEART OF
COMANCHELAND, WENT CLINT
CORTLAND, ON THE TRAIL OF
THE SNAKE KNOWN AS.....

THE WHITE COMANCHE

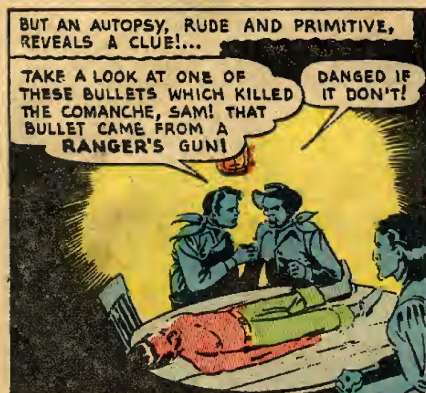












THAT EVENING, MANY MILES AWAY..

THEY WERE BOUND TO
FIND OUT! NOW GREY
LIGHTNING'S GOT TO
HELP ME..LIKE I
HELPED HIM!



THIS TORCH IS OUR SIGNAL.
GREY LIGHTNING'S BRAVES WILL
RESPECT IT AND LET ME PASS
INTO THE CAMP!



IT'S YOUR FRIEND...MEAGHER!
I COME TO SPEAK WITH GREY
LIGHTNING.



WELL, WHITE HOUND, NOT EXACTLY, GREY
WHAT YOU WANT LIGHTNING. NOT
WITH ME? YOU NOW. ER-THE RANGERS
KNOW WHEN GUNS KNOW WHAT I'M
COME? DOING.



AT THE SAME TIME, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

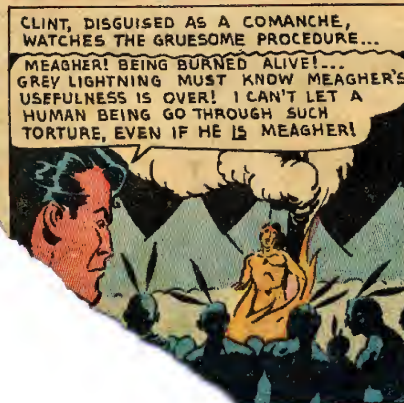
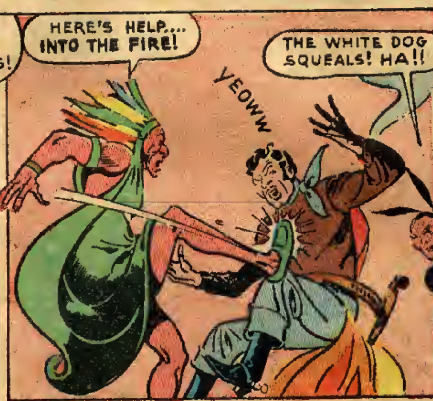
SILENTLY, CLINT! WE'RE IN
GREY LIGHTNING'S COUNTRY.
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHING
QUICKLY..IN A SECOND I'LL
MAKE A COMANCHE OUT
OF YOU!...

HMM...I DON'T
LIKE BEING
A COMANCHE
EVEN FOR A
SECOND!

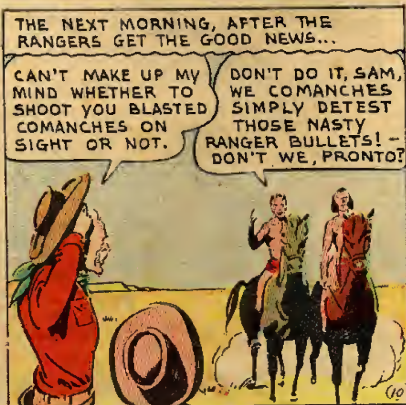
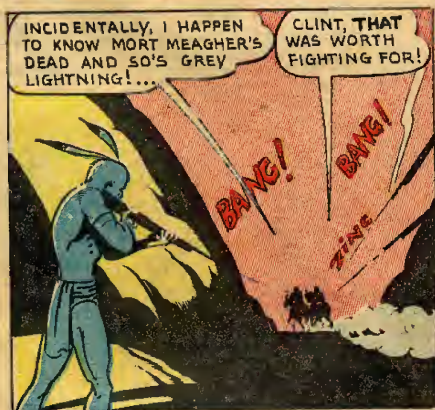


NOT ALL COMANCHE LIKE
LIGHTNING, CLINT! SOME
ALL INDIANS WILL BE









KNIGHT OF THE NORTH

BOB
JANNSEN



SERGEANT KEN KNIGHT OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE CAME SINGLEHANDED INTO A LAND OF FEROCIOUS SAVAGERY...THE EASTERN ARCTIC REGIONS OF CANADA. HE WENT NOT AS AN EXPLORER BUT AS A POLICEMAN CARRYING OUT THE BRAVE TRADITIONS AT THE "SCARLET FORCE" FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDEST, MOST DESOLATE AREA IN THE WORLD, KNIGHT OF THE NORTH MEANT TO FIND "THE ARCTIC ASSASSIN!!!"

ONE MORNING, AS AN ARCTIC STORM RAGES OVER NORTHERN BAFFIN ISLAND....

MR. JOHNSON...THESE HUNTER SAY STORM WORSE WHERE YOU WANT GO. THINK WE GO BACK!

"WELL, WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK... AN IDIOT CAN SEE THAT! BETTER THAN PEGGING OUT ON THE WAY... GOT TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR, TOO MANY PEOPLE TO PAY BACK FOR THE RAW DEAL THEY HANDED ME!"

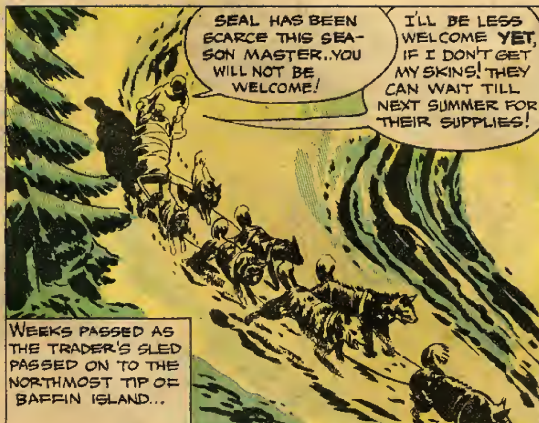


WHAT IF I CAN'T GET UP THERE TO TRADE? DON'T THESE ROTTEN ESKIMOS OWE ME ENOUGH FOR THE GIFTS I GAVE THEM YEARS AGO? WELL, THIS YEAR THEY'RE PAYING IF IT'S THE LAST THING THEY DO!



WE GO TO CAPE CRAWFORD, MASTER! BUT WHY? WE HAVE NO GOODS TO TRADE AND ESKIMO THERE WON'T GIVE YOU FURS FOR NOTHING!

FOR NOTHING, STUPID DOGS? DON'T THEY OWE ME MONEY? WASN'T I FOOL ENOUGH TO LEND THEM SUPPLIES WHEN THEY HAD NO SKINS? NO ESKIMO! GONNA PUT ANYTHING OVER ON A WHITE MAN!...



SEAL HAS BEEN SCARCE THIS SEASON MASTER..YOU WILL NOT BE WELCOME!

I'LL BE LESS WELCOME YET, IF I DON'T GET MY SKINS! THEY CAN WAIT TILL NEXT SUMMER FOR THEIR SUPPLIES!

WEEKS PASSED AS THE TRADER'S SLED PASSED ON TO THE NORTHMOST TIP OF BAFFIN ISLAND...

...TO THE NINE IGLOOS WHICH MADE UP THE ESKIMO VILLAGE AT CAPE CRAWFORD

HAH! I CAN JUST SEE THEIR CHEERFUL FACES WHEN I WAVE MY RIFLE UNDER THEIR NOSES AND ASK THEM TO PAY UP!



SHORTLY AFTER...

NO GOT SKINS!

LIAR! YOU'RE ALL A PACK OF LIARS! NO GOT SKINS! NO GOT SKINS! I'LL TEACH YOU TO LIE...



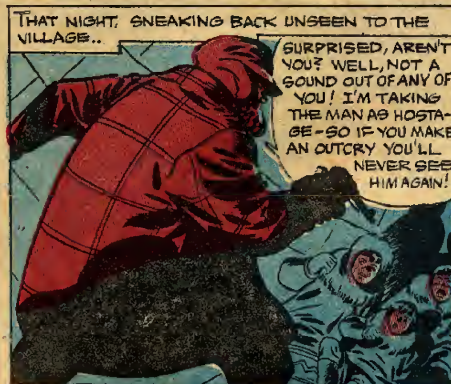
IF I DON'T GET YOUR FURS, NOBODY'LL GET THEM. UNDERSTAND?! I'LL SHOOT YOUR DOGS AND THEN I'LL SHOOT THE WHOLE PACK OF YOU...!

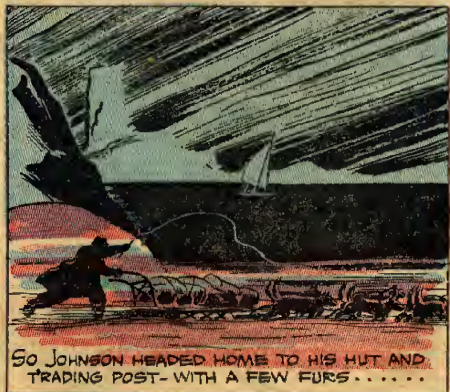
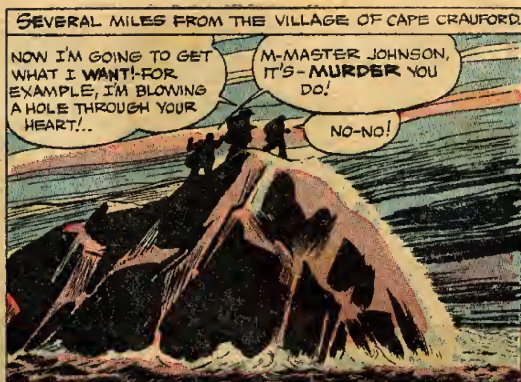
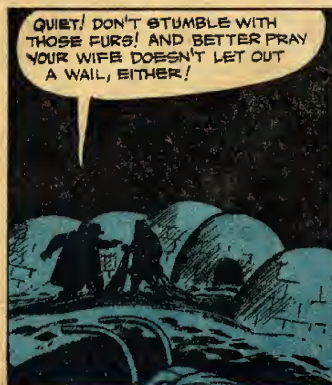


HE STILL SICK IN HEAD LIKE OTHER YEARS, UKITO! HE KILL US ONE DAY!

IT IS TRUTH...MR. JOHNSON HAS EVIL TEMPER!







SIX MONTHS LATER...AN ESKIMO FROM CAPE CRAFT FORD VISITS MOUNTY HEADQUARTERS....



HELLO, KNIGHT. I ASKED YOU IN BECAUSE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE BAFFIN ISLAND GEOGRAPHY. I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO NUKUHLAHL'S STORY...

OF COURSE, SIR...

NUKUHLAHL TELLS HOW HE FOUND TWO BODIES DESTROYED BY JOHNSON, THE TRADER— AND HOW HIS VILLAGE WANTS PUNISHMENT FOR THE KILLER....

... JOHNSON MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! JUSTICE EXISTS FOR BOTH ESKIMO AND WHITE MAN ALIKE, NO MATTER HOW WILD THE COUNTRY IN WHICH HE LIVES!



I'LL GET HIM, SIR!... MAY I USE NUKUHLAHL AS MY GUIDE?

A MONTH LATER, THE EXPEDITION ENCOUNTERS THE BRUTAL OPPOSITION OF NATURE....

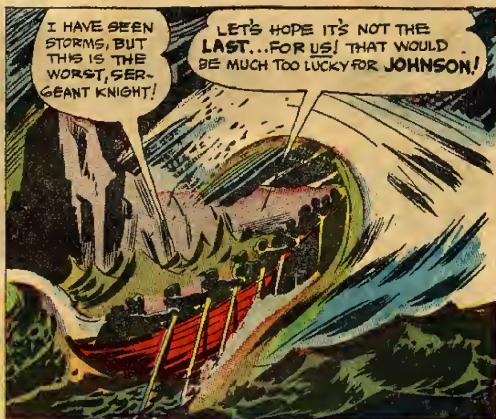
IT'S BEST TO TURN BACK, SIR! THE WAY TO JOHNSON'S POST SEEMS CLOSED BY ICE, AND THE STORM IS TOO STRONG!



AND WAIT A YEAR TILL WE REACH JOHNSON? NO, NUKUHLAHL! WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES GETTING THERE!

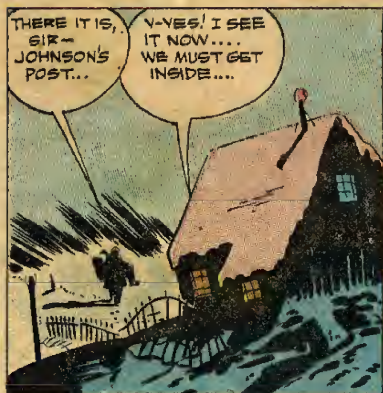
FINALLY, THE ICE BLOCKS THE WAY..!

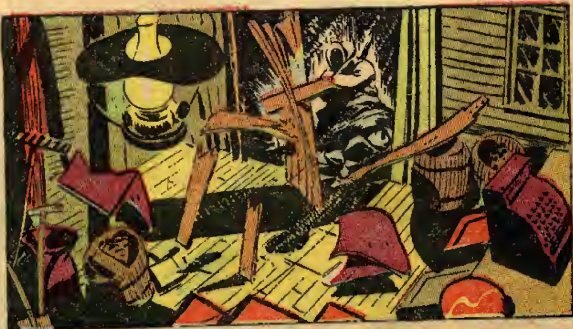
WE'RE USING THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO JOHNSON'S. YOU WAIT HERE FOR US!...



I HAVE SEEN STORMS, BUT THIS IS THE WORST, SER-GEANT KNIGHT!

LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT THE LAST...FOR US! THAT WOULD BE MUCH TOO LUCKY FOR JOHNSON!





ALABAM



BROKEN CREEK WAS A CEMETERY FOR SHERIFFS! THERE WAS SOMETHING DEADLY FOR THE LAW IN ITS ATMOSPHERE UNTIL ALABAM SAUNTERED INTO TOWN, EACH PALM RESTING ON A GUNBUTT! BUT WHO KNOWS HOW ALABAM'S BATTLE WOULD'VE TURNED OUT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A CERTAIN

SPLIT-SECOND STAND IN!





BLUFFING, AM 12 AM 12
DOES THIS FEEL LIKE
A BLUFF?







WHEN
IN BROKEN
CREEK CEMETERY



MY D-POOR SWEET
T-JOHN...S-SOBS! ALABAM
WILL COME...H-HE'LL
REVENGE YOU...S-SOBS!

IN MEMORY OF
SHERIFF JOHN MANTEE
JAN. 12, 1740-JULY 12, 1912



WEEK LATER...IN THE
HEART OF THE TEXAS
COUNTRY...

UNCLE JOHN DEAD?
--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--
WHO'D WANT TO KILL
SO SWEET AND GOOD
A MAN?



AND AT SUNSET...

HEY, ALABAM!
WHAT'S EATIN'
YER YAIN'T SAID
A WORD ALL
DAY! YER GAL
MARRY A YANKEE
ER SOMETHIN'?

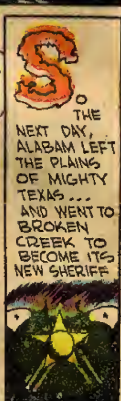
UH-UH,
TEX!
MUCH
WORSE!



SOMEBODY KILLED MY
UNCLE JOHN, THE SHERIFF,
AND I'M TAKIN' HIS PLACE!
THIS GOODBYE TEX--
ISN'T THAT SOMETHING TO
BE SAD ABOUT?

GOSH

ALABAM! YOU
GONNA BE A
DAH-GONE
SHERIFF?



SO

THE
NEXT DAY,
ALABAM LEFT
THE PLAINS
OF MIGHTY
TEXAS...
AND WENT TO
BROKEN
CREEK TO
BECOME ITS
NEW SHERIFF



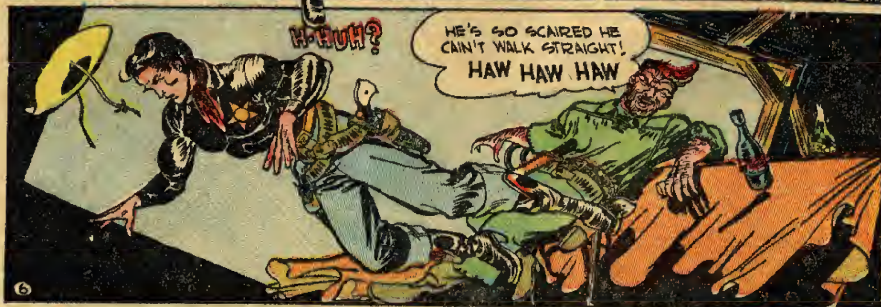
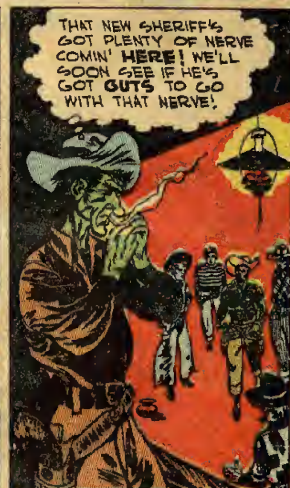
A GRAND MAN
WORE THAT
STAR, ALABAM...

I'M NOT FORGETTING
IT, AUNT HILDA.
THE ONLY STARS
I'M USED TO,
TWINKLE IN THE
SKY...BUT THIS
ONE MEANS A
LOT MORE...

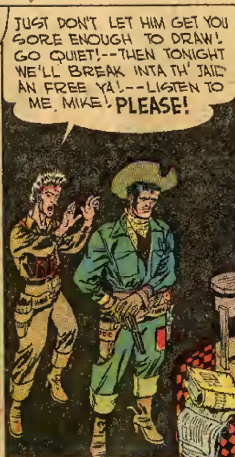


REMEMBER ONE
NAME--MIKE
MANTEE! REPEAT
ONE SENTENCE--
MIKE MANTEE
KILLED MY
UNCLE!

I PROMISE
YOU--MY
FIRST ACT
AS SHERIFF
OF BROKEN
CREEK WILL
BE TO BRING
MANTEE TO
JUSTICE!









P AND THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
**COW-PUNCHER
COMICS**

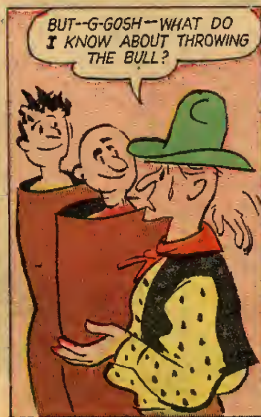
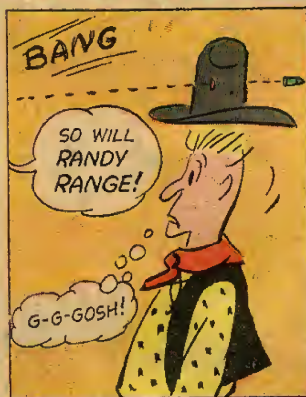
FOR A THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN
ALABAMA'S
CAREER AS
SHERIFF OF
BROKEN CREEK!

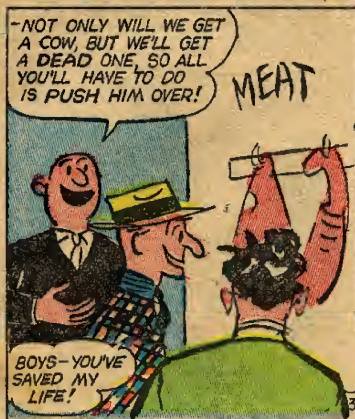
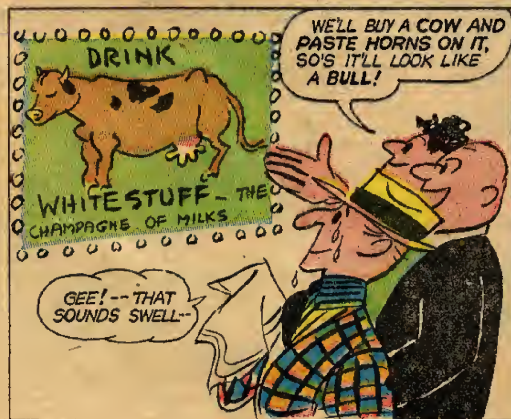
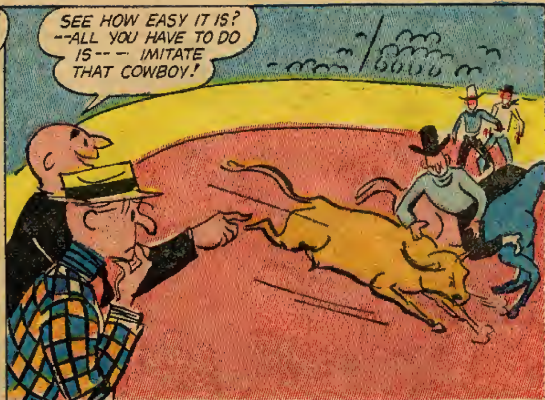
DEAD-EYE DUDE

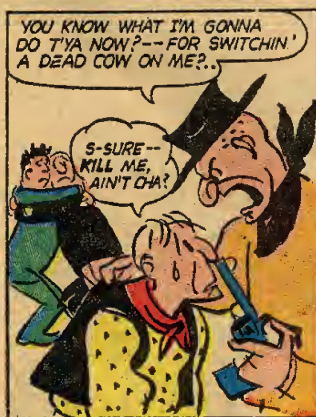
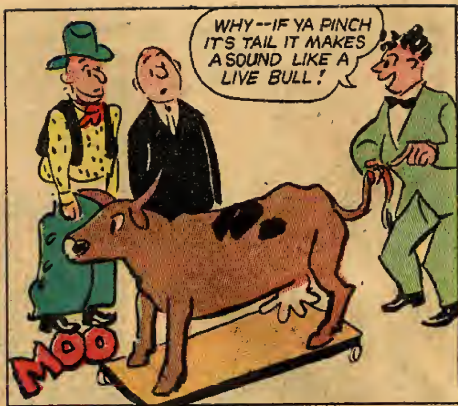
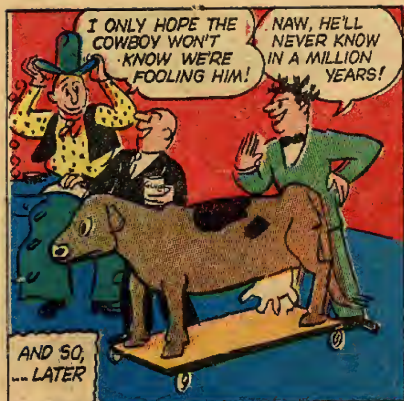


SANDY RANGE, THE NIGHT CLUB COMEDIAN, EMBARKS UPON A CAREER THAT IS NOT VERY NEW FOR HIM —
"THROWING THE BULL!"











The wedding was over and the jubilant, giggling crowd escorted the bride and groom to their honeymoon hut. All in all, it had been a memorable occasion. Few Reserve Indians possessed the sweet, statuesque beauty of Falling Leaf, the young bride, or the goody physique and handsome face of Mountain Bird, her happy husband. No couple was more soundly loved. Few young people had been more sought after as mates than these two. Mixed with the smiling faces of the celebrants were a score of sad, weak-grinning visages of those who had hoped, and lost. Falling Leaf could have had her choice of a hundred men. Any girl would have been thrilled to be Mountain Bird's squaw. But matters did not work out that way. The moment Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird had seen each other, they knew they had been born to meet and to love and to live together to the end of their lives. And now they were married and being convoyed to their home by the wedding guests.

On the threshold of their rude hut, Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird graciously accepted the wedding gifts offered them with fervent good wishes. Knives, lamps, pots, clothing, sewing supplies, a rifle, a chair . . . gifts both small and large, cheap and costly, were proffered and gratefully received. Last in the line was Sergeant

Ken Knight of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. He had known Mountain Bird for years. Many a time had they hunted together and spoken far into the night over the cheery camp fire about the astonishing beauty of one, Falling Leaf, the most lovely girl on the Reservation.

"Do you see this crippled left ear, Falling Leaf?" Ken said to the laughing girl. Ken indicated an organ reddened with the cold. "This ear," continued Ken, "is twisted with the hot utterances of love Mountain Bird has poured into it about a certain gorgeous girl named Falling Leaf! You may rest assured he didn't marry you for your money!"

"Marry ME?" laughed Falling Leaf. "Why, I thought all the time I was marrying HIM!"

"Well, Mountain Bird, here's something I'd like you to have because you married EACH OTHER," rejoined Ken, growing serious. From his pocket he took out a pipe exquisitely worked in sterling silver. Seeing it, Mountain Bird blushed with pleasure. This was quite different from the practicality of the other wedding gifts. The pipe was an exact copy of Ken's own favorite, and Mountain Bird's eyes were moist as he shook hands with Ken.

There was a last hurrah and a last loud good-night from the crowd and

then the wedding couple were left to themselves.

However, no sooner was the area deserted, than a tall shadow sprang from the darkness of the forest fringing the clearing before Mountain Bird's hut. It slinked carefully to the front door and then rapped sharply, twice. Mountain Bird opened the door curiously. Falling Leaf was just behind him, peering puzzledly over her husband's shoulder.

"Long Pipe Stick!" she said. "Why do you see us so late? . . . After the others have gone?" Long Pipe Stick, a tall, ugly Indian, had been one of her most persistent admirers. When he heard that Mountain Bird would be the man of her choice, he had fallen into a rage and would have struck her had Falling Leaf's father not driven him off at the point of a gun. Now he stood in the entrance of her honeymoon home with a sly smile, holding forth a two gallon can of kerosene.

"I, too, have a gift for you," replied Long Pipe Stick. "May I place it inside? It is quite heavy."

Mountain Bird smiled and held open the door. "Of course!" he said.

But as Mountain Bird turned his back to shut the door, Long Pipe Stick whirled, something in his hand gleaming like silver. It was a knife. Mountain Bird never saw the weapon . . . he felt it. Deep into his back it went. Again and again, the slim blade cut into Mountain Bird's life, destroying it with every drop of the ruby blood that ran from his wounds. Mountain Bird took a few steps backwards, the blood in his mouth choking off any cry for help, and then he collapsed in a pool of the crimson liquid running from his body.

"NO! NO!" shrieked Falling Leaf, stumbling away from the bloody knife. Laughing silently, the murderer stumbled after her and seized her. The knife rose and fell mercilessly as he shrieked, "If I can't have you, nobody can!"

Twenty minutes later, Mountain Bird's hut was a blazing furnace. An

hour later, a wailing crowd of Reservation Indians stood helplessly by, watching the house burn clear down to the sod. Sergeant Ken Knight stood with them, his jaw set vise-like, and the tears running down his cheeks. The pity of it! — That accident should so cremate not only their bodies, but their hopes and the hopes of those who had loved the young people! Nobody left the scene until smoke rose from the ruins. Then, in the cold, miserable dawn, Knight and the doctor from the Post began to poke among the ashes and hot metals. The crowd was kept at a distance by Corporal Mellony, who rode down from the nearest detachment to assist Knight.

The first thing Ken noticed was the twisted, scorched can of kerosene, lying where the door used to be. "That's why the thing went so completely," he commented. The doctor nodded assent. But he was busy with other matters. He was bending over two charred, unrecognizable forms. He poked about for a couple of seconds and then emitted a low, excited whistle. "Come here, Knight!" he muttered. Knight crouched beside him as the doctor pointed to a few things.

"They were stabbed about a dozen times before the fire consumed them," whispered the doctor. Ken didn't answer. He saw something else in the burnt, crisp fist of the dead man. From between the bones he took a blackened object. "And I know who killed them, doctor!"

An hour later, Long Pipe Stick was under arrest, his thick wrists encased in handcuffs. His sullen mouth spoke no word, but his eyes did all the necessary talking.

They were glittering coldly at a pipe Knight had taken from the dead fingers of Mountain Bird. It was the same pipe Knight had given his dead friend for a wedding present . . . a pipe with a LONG STEM. It was Mountain Bird's last message to Knight, indicating the murderer . . . a LONG PIPE STICK!

KIT WEST

FOR ONCE IN HER PRETTY YOUNG LIFE, ACE BACKWOODS-WOMAN KIT WEST GOT TOO COURAGEOUS! --HOW SHE BRAVED DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE WYANDOTTES' CRUELEST CHIEFTAIN, IS THE TALE OF "SPITTING SNAKE'S REVENGE"!!

THE WYANDOTTES, THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBE IN THE MID-WEST, HOLD AN IMPORTANT POW-WOW--

WHERE A WHITE MAN SHOWS HIS FACE, THERE HE MUST BE MET BY THE TOMAHAWKS OF THE WYANDOTTES! SHALL WE STAND ASIDE MEEKLY WHILE THE WHITES ROB US OF EVERYTHING?!

NO!

NO! NO!

THIS IS A WAR TO THE DEATH BETWEEN US AND THE WHITE MAN! WE MUST NOT LOSE THIS WAR! OUR LANDS MUST RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE INVADER!

THE FIRES OF THE UNDER WORLD---!
WITH THAT DEVIL, SPITTING SNAKE,
STIRRING UP SOME NEW MISCHIEF! I'D
BETTER GET CLOSER AND HEAR WHAT
HE'S UP TO !!



AT THE SAME TIME, APPROACHING THE VILLAGE---



A WHITE
GIRL!!!
HOLD YOUR
FEET!

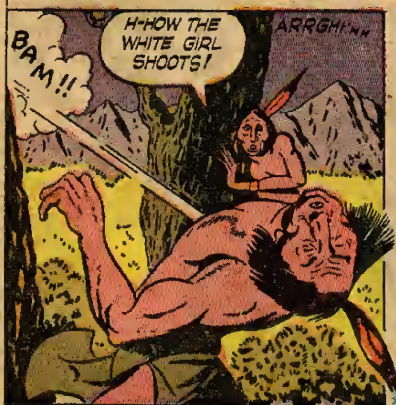
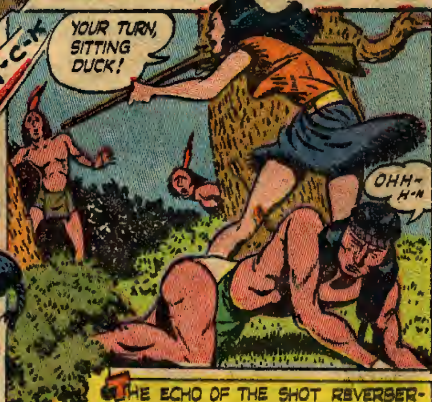


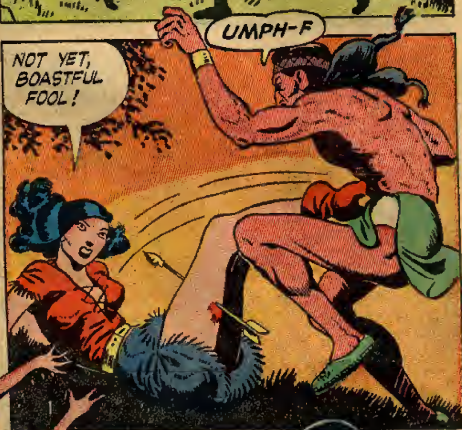
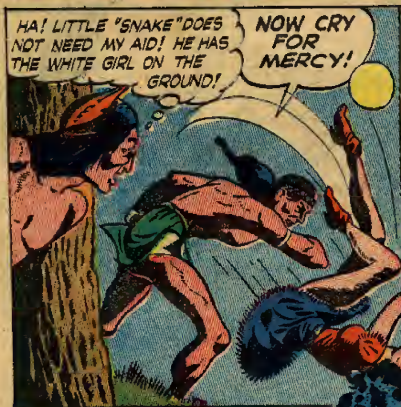
MY FATHER, SPITTING
SNAKE, WILL LIKE THIS
WHITE SPY EVEN MORE
THAN A DEER! I'LL
BRING THE FOOL IN
ALIVE!



FIRST, TO LAME
THOSE PRETTY
WHITE LIMBS!









--IT ALSO CUTS
FOR ME!

EEE-E-EE



CANT RISK FIRING ON LITTLE
SNAKE'S PAL--THE WHOLE
VILLAGE WILL BE WAITING
FOR ANOTHER SHOT TO
LEAD THEM TO ME!



ALL I CAN DO NOW IS TO GET A HEAD
START IN THE RACE--BUT THIS ARROW IN
MY LEG WILL GIVE ME A HIND START--SO
OUT IT COMES!! OUCH!!

WHITT-T

JUST A FEW INCHES OF
FEATHERED WOOD--BUT
MEANING ALL THE DIFFER-
ENCE BETWEEN LIFE
AND---DEATH!

SHORTLY
AFTER--
THE ESCAPED
BRAVE COMES UPON THE
MYSTIFIED SEARCHING PARTY--

O SPITTING SNAKE--YOUR SON IS
DEAD! A WHITE GIRL HAS KILLED
HIM! I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES!--

WE WILL
AVENGE
YOU, OH
CHIEF!

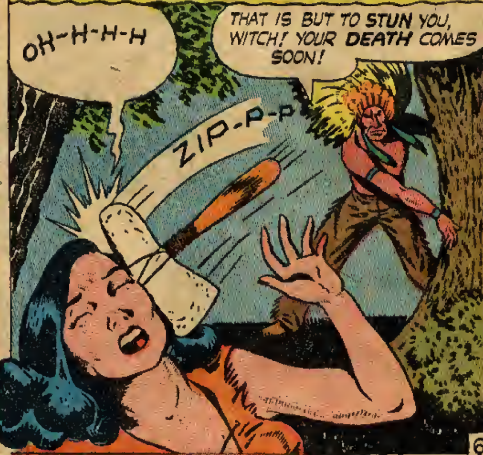
LITTLE SNAKE
DROVE AN ARROW
INTO HER LEG --
THE GIRL CANNOT
RUN FAR--NOR
FAST!

NONE BUT I SHALL
TRAIL HER! NONE BUT
I SHALL HAVE HER
BLOOD! I WANT NO
AID! THIS IS SPITTING
SNAKE'S REVENGE!





A MASTER'S HAND LETS FLY A MURDEROUS WEAPON....TO POSTPONE MURDER!





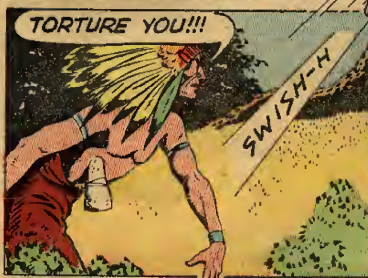
SHORTLY AFTER--HAVING TIED KIT TO A TREE WITH LONG VINES--

MY SON'S TOMAHAWK--RED WITH HIS OWN BLOOD! I SWEAR TO THE GODS THAT **HERS** WILL MINGLE WITH **LITTLE SNAKE'S**!!



WAKE UP, WHITE WITCH! FEAR NOT! YOU WILL SOON SLEEP--**FOREVER!** WHEN SPITTING SNAKE HAS HAD HIS **REVENGE!**

OH-H-H! W-WHAT ARE YOU G-GOING TO DO!



TORTURE YOU!!!

SWISH-H



AND AMUSE MYSELF!!

WHEW! HE CAN MAKE THAT TOMAHAWK DO ANYTHING BUT SPLIT HIS OWN SKULL! HOW WILL I GET OUT OF THIS MESS?



HOLD ON! I DO SEE A WAY OUT!

WHO DARES ME? WHO SAYS I CANNOT?

CALL THAT SKILL, SPITTING SNAKE! A SQUAW CAN THROW FROM THAT DISTANCE! YOU CANNOT REPEAT THAT THROW FROM FIVE FEET BEHIND YOU!

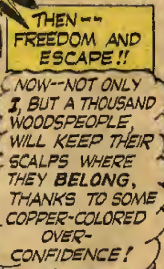
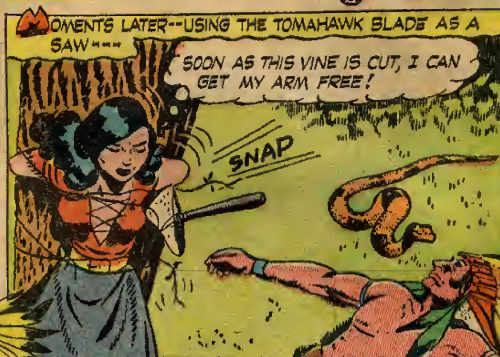
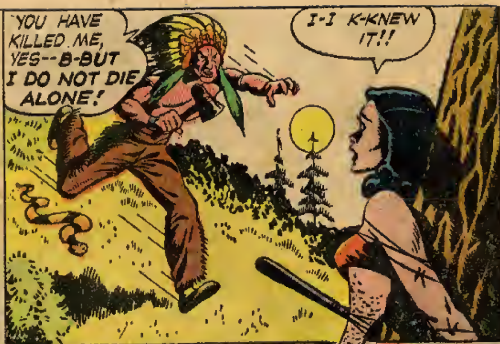
FIVE FEET?--I WILL MOVE BACK TEN FEET--AND CLEAVE YOUR HEAD IN TWO!

IF ONLY HE DOESN'T SEE THAT COPPERHEAD BEHIND HIM!...



BUT DEATH BITES INTO SPITTING SNAKE'S LEG!!

AI-EEE



The fighting

JACK
ROSS.

PARSON



JOHN WATKINS CAME TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER TO PREACH A GREAT MESSAGE, BUT THE REPLY TO THAT MESSAGE WAS TOO FREQUENTLY ENCLOSED IN STEEL JACKETS FULL OF DEADLY LEAD! AND SO *John Watkins* BECAME THE **FIGHTING PARSON**, THE STRANGEST FIGURE IN THE WEST! AND HIS BLAZING SIX-SHOOTERS PUMPED TERROR INTO THE MOST EVIL HEARTS...EVEN THE HEARTLESS BODIES OF THE... "**POISONED PIPERS!!**"



ONE MORNING IN
THE TOWN OF
SQUAW-RIDGE -

ANYTHING TO
SAY BEFORE WE
HANG YOU, CLAUDE
PIPER?

FEELING PRETTY
GOOD, AIN'TCHA,
SHERIFF?..LET'S
SEE HOW YOU FEEL
WHEN MY BROTHERS
GET HOLD OF YOU!

THE PIPER BROTHERS ARE GETTIN'
NOTHIN' BUT HANGIN'! AS SHERIFF
OF SQUAW RIDGE I'M TAKIN' AN OATH...
I AIN'T RESTIN' TILL THE WHOLE PACK
OF YOU THIEVIN', MURDERIN' PIPERS
ARE DANGLIN' FROM
THIS GALLOWS!

WAIT AN'
SEE!



ALL OVER, FOLKS...HIS NECK'S
BROKE. PIPER'S DEAD!

GOD REST HIS
SOUL!



JOHN WATKINS, AM I
GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
YOUR PREACHING SCHEDULES
BROUGHT YOU TO SQUAW
RIDGE ON AN IMPORTANT
DAY!

SO I SEE. BUT
CLAUDE'S ONLY ONE
OUT OF FOUR, BILL.
YOU'D BETTER KEEP
AN EYE PEELED
FOR THE REST OF
THE PIPERS!



EYES WON'T HELP AGAINST
THE PIPERS, AS MUCH AS
GUNS, JOHN!..WE'LL SEE
YOU IN CHURCH
TOMORROW...

I'M GLAD YOU
SAID THAT, BILL -
A LITTLE TRUST
IN THE LORD WON'T
HURT, EITHER...

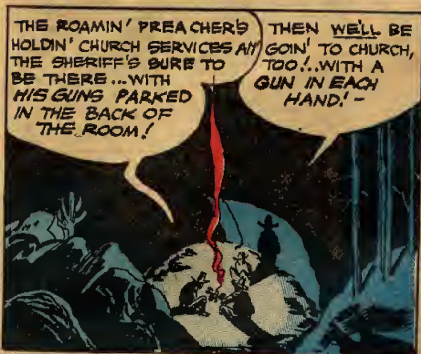




THAT NIGHT
ON THE
PRAIRIE...

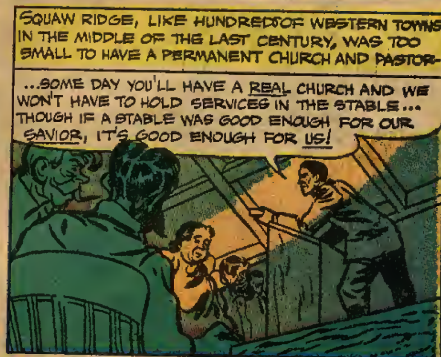
CAN'T WAIT TILL
MORNIN' - TWO DAYS IS
TOO LONG WAITIN' TO
REVENGE CLAUDE!

DON'T WORRY, THE
SHERIFF'LL BE GAIN-
ING WEIGHT TOMORROW
AND NOT FROM FOOD!
FROM LEAD!



THE ROAMIN' PREACHER'S
HOLDIN' CHURCH SERVICES ANY
THE SHERIFF'S SURE TO
BE THERE...WITH
HIS GUNS PARKED
IN THE BACK OF
THE ROOM!

THEN WE'LL BE
GOIN' TO CHURCH,
TOO!...WITH A
GUN IN EACH
HAND! -



SQUAW RIDGE, LIKE HUNDREDS OF WESTERN TOWNS
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, WAS TOO
SMALL TO HAVE A PERMANENT CHURCH AND PASTOR -

...SOME DAY YOU'LL HAVE A REAL CHURCH AND WE
WON'T HAVE TO HOLD SERVICES IN THE STABLE...
THOUGH IF A STABLE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR OUR
SAVIOUR, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!



AND IT'S
GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR US,
TOO!

REACH!!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF
THIS? DON'T YOU REALIZE
YOU'RE IN CHURCH!?

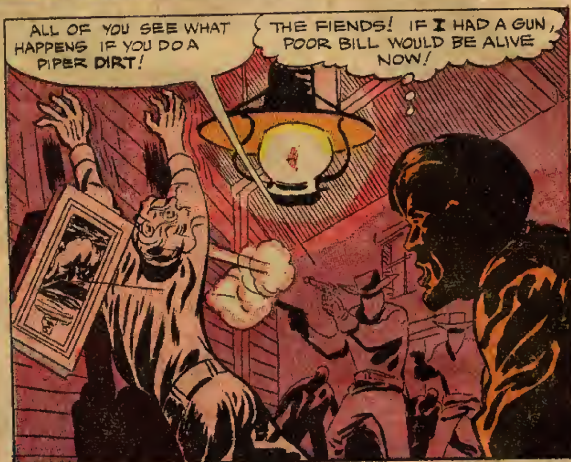
YOU BET WE DO! WELL,
SHERIFF, YOU DONE
ENOUGH PRAYIN'!...



I'M A FOOL - I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN THE PIPERS'D STOP
AT NOTHING!

BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE
THIS MAN... OWN!

I CAN'T,
MRS.





THE SAME DAY, THIRTY MILES OUT OF
SQUAW RIDGE...

HOLD IT, BOYS ...
WE'RE PASSING UP
SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN'!

WHAT
IS IT,
GIL?



GOLD!! THEY'RE DELI-
VERIN' SOME TO
EVERY BANK IN THIS
PART OF THE COUN-
TRY! WE CAN'T
TAKE THE COACH...
TOO MANY
GUARDS

BUT WE CAN TAKE
PLENTY OUTA THE BANK
AT SQUAW RIDGE!
REMEMBER, THERE
AIN'T NO SHERIFF
THERE NOW!

IT'LL
BE A
CINCH!



WE PROMISED
THEY'LL SEE MORE OF
US - WELL, WE'LL
KEEP OUR
PROMISE!

THE NEXT DAY, WHILE JOHN WATKINS PER-
FORMS A VERY FAMILIAR SERVICE...

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND
WIFE! YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.

BUT MARTHY, WHY BE
YOU CRYIN'? DON'TCHA
WANT TA
KISS ME?

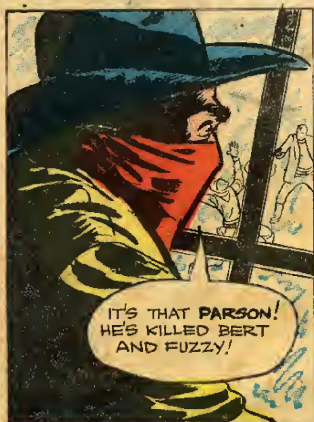


I'M CRYING 'CAUSE
I'M HAPPY, EPHRIAM...
H-HUH?

A REVOLVER SHOT...!
-FROM ACROSS
STREET!







IT'S THAT PARSON!
HE'S KILLED BERT
AND FUZZY!



I CAN'T SHOOT WHILE
THAT GIRL'S HIS SHIELD!
I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S OUT
OF AMMUNITION...

OUT OF MY
WAY!...OR SHE
GETS IT!



CURSE MY LUCK!
I CAN'T HIT HIM!

—THE LAST OF
HIS SHOTS! NOW I
CAN TAKE HIM WITH
MY HANDS....



THAT'S THE LAST HORSE
YOU'LL BE RIDING, PIPER!



A WEEK
LATER, A
NEW SHERIFF
DOES HIS
DUTY...

ANY LAST WORD
BEFORE YOU GO,
PIPER?!

YEAH! I WISH I MURDERED
THAT GUY...
PREACHER WHEN
I HAD THE
CHANCE!



GOD REST
HIS SOUL...

SPRING
THE TRAP!

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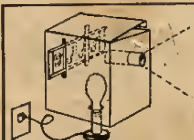
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- FILM PROJECTOR
- MOVIE VIEWER

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☐ Enclosed find \$2.09 in full payment.

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Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

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Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

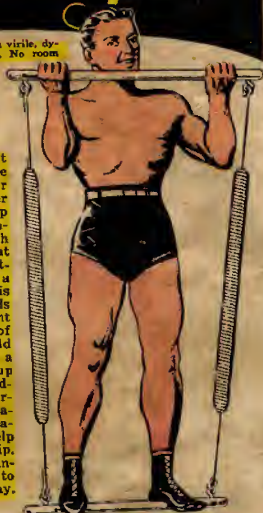
Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

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